

# Northern Messenger

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## Arabs at Home.

'Jacob was a plain man, living in tents.'

When Israel had sown, the Midianites came up, and the Amalekites and the children of the East with their cattle and their tents, and they came as grasshoppers for multitude, both they and their camels were without number,' that is what the Old Testament says.

Just as they lived in the old Bible days do the Bedouin Arabs of to-day. They are Ishmaelites—descendants of the very Midianites

just such a refuge as that to which Sisera fled when he begged Jael to 'stand in the door of the tent,' or that one the man told of when Gideon was near: 'Behold I dreamed a dream, and lo, a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian and came into a tent, and smote it, that it fell, and overturned it that the tent fell along.'

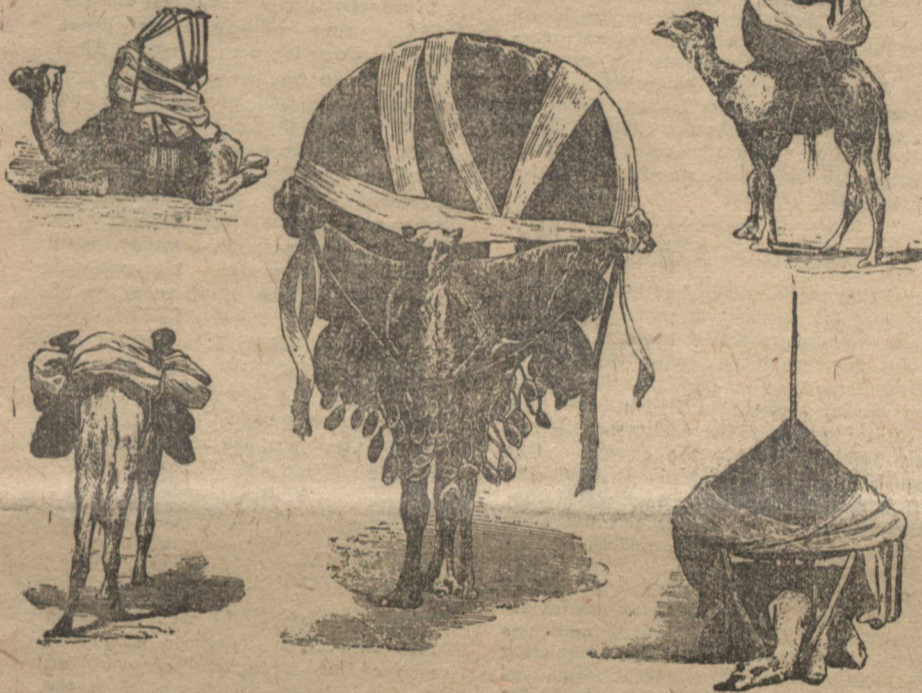
You have all read how Abraham, sitting at his tent door, saw three strangers passing by, and how he ran and begged of them to come in and eat and drink. So it is now; all

ed, if work of its kind can be summed up in dollars and cents.

The principal work of the launch is to convey the doctor to the different harbors and coves, but it is also used for various other work, such as taking patients to the hospital, and returning them home again, going to the mail boat for patients and freight, taking children for a short sail, etc.

The first trip of any length was from Battle Harbor to Henly Harbor, a distance of about twenty-five miles. Late on a Saturday night the resident doctor received word that a girl at Henley was very ill, or 'wonderful bad,' as the messenger expressed it. So, early on Sunday morning we started. When we were about three miles out one of the men caught his sleeve in the governor of the engine, breaking a chain belt. This necessitated a stop of about an hour while a new link was rivetted in, and other small damage repaired, but fortunately the sea was very smooth—there only being a large swell with no wind. We arrived at Henley without further trouble, and were glad to find the girl better and out of danger, although she had been very sick. After the doctor had visited a few other sick people we returned home, arriving at Battle just in time to escape a very heavy fog which came on not ten minutes after we had got moored.

Another long trip we took with the doctor was to Venison Island, about fifty miles north of Battle. I don't think I will forget for a long time a house I visited there with the doctor, or rather it was more of a hovel than a house. We were told that a man was sick, and I did not wonder that he was sick, for it nearly made me sick to go into it. The building, which was thatched with sods, contained one room with two windows about one foot by two feet, the sashes being nailed in. This room was the bed-room, parlor, sitting room, dining room, kitchen, workshop, for mending nets, and every other kind of room except a bathroom judging from the filth which abounded everywhere. When we entered three or four men were sitting around a red hot stove smoking and spitting on the floor. Along one side of the room were two bunks with old sails hung in front of them; one was for the



who harassed and robbed the persecuted children of Israel. They still wander about, having no abiding dwelling-place, but plundering all before them, driving away other men's herds, regardless of law; carrying their houses—tents made of woven sheeps' wool, or goat or camel's hair cloth—packed up on their tall patient camels' backs, together with the poles and pegs which will help to uphold the shelter, which, at a few minutes' notice, will be

strangers are welcome. An Arab arriving at a strange camp, just unloads his camel at the entrance of any tent, which he enters with the simple salutation, 'Peace be between us,' then he sits down to smoke while coffee is being got ready, or, if it is meal-time, the host will pour water for his guest to wash his hands, and encourage him to eat, crying 'Couly, Couly' (eat it all, eat it all.)—Little Folks.

## Word of the Launch—a Good Season's Work.

One of Our Patients.

The first direct news of the launch 'Northern Messenger,' for this year, comes from its volunteer engineer, Mr. Cushing, and his letter, given below, is of the greatest interest to all who have had a part in the good work being done.

St. Anthony Hospital, Newfoundland.  
April 25th, 1907.

Editor of the 'Witness':—

Dear Sir,—I have just received a letter from Dr. Grenfell asking me to write you some further details of the good work done by the 'Northern Messenger' at Battle Harbor, and later at St. Anthony.

This launch, which your readers donated to the Mission, has, in my opinion, during its short life, brought ten times the amount it cost of help and cheer to the sick and afflict-

